

# Cats in Gloves Watch No Mice

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By  
M·E·N·Hatheway

D·LOTHROP COMPANY, BOSTON

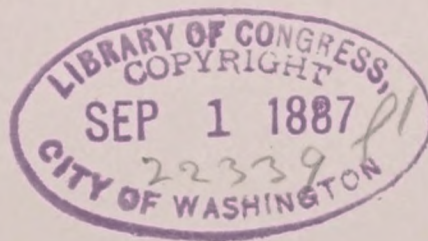




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“Cats in Gloves Catch No Mice”







A VERY wise saying, and one we should heed,"  
Said a pussy, named Tabitha Brown,  
One morning, when out on visiting bent  
In various parts of the town ;  
For wherever amongst her relations and friends  
She went, she discovered them all  
Preparing to figure that very same night  
At Lady Grimalkin's fine ball.

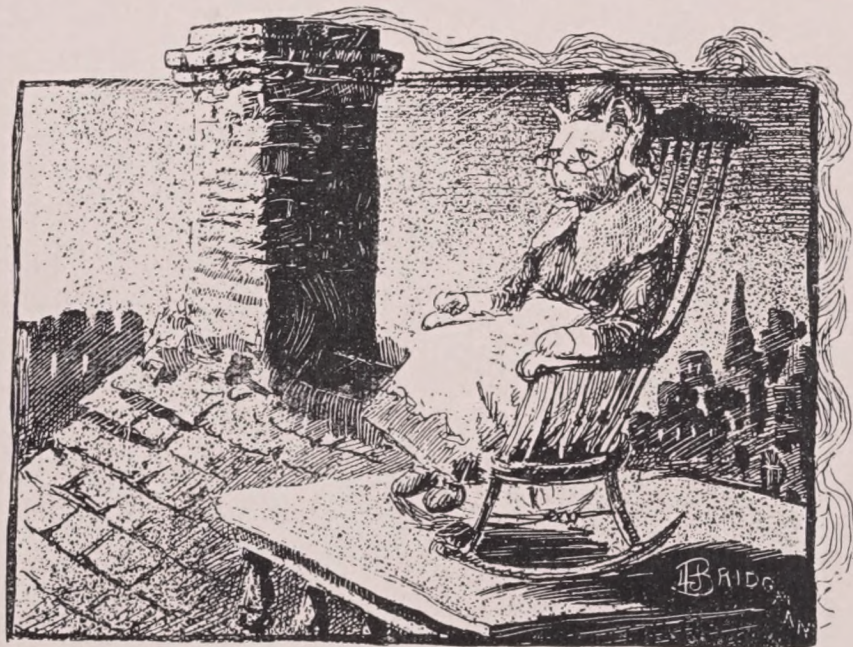
The young ones were practicing waltz and quadrille,  
And curling their whiskers and hair ;  
While their elders were trying on dresses and caps,  
To choose the most stylish and fair.  
They turned in disdain from the wholesome advice  
Of plain Madam Tabitha Brown,  
And smiled at her old-fashioned manners and speech,  
And her home-made bonnet and gown.





While she, for her part, with no humor to join  
In their idle, luxurious ways,  
Went back in content to the wheel and the loom,  
To which she devoted her days.  
And when in the evening her labors were done,  
In temper reflective and high,  
She frequently sat on the roof of her house,  
Surveying the earth and the sky.





That night the great ball of the season came off  
In Lady Grimalkin's saloon,  
Which was newly upholstered in crimson and gold,  
And shone with the splendors of noon.  
The guests that assembled, for riches and rank  
Were the first that the kingdom could boast ;  
And all were received with dignified grace  
By the stately hostess and host.





The charming details of the dance and the feast,  
And the costumes of matron and belle,  
I leave to the fancy of those who may read,  
More serious matters to tell.  
For just as the revelry reached its full height,  
And the season of midnight was nigh,  
A clamor and clatter were heard in the streets,  
And a horseman came thundering by.





“ There’s a panic at court ! ” he shouted aloud,  
As he dashed to the left and the right :  
“ A mouse in the royal apartments is hid,  
And the Queen is fainting with fright !  
Ho ! Cats to the rescue ! ” he shouted again,  
But none of them answered his call ;  
And only a moment, to wonder and hark,  
The revelers stopped at the ball.





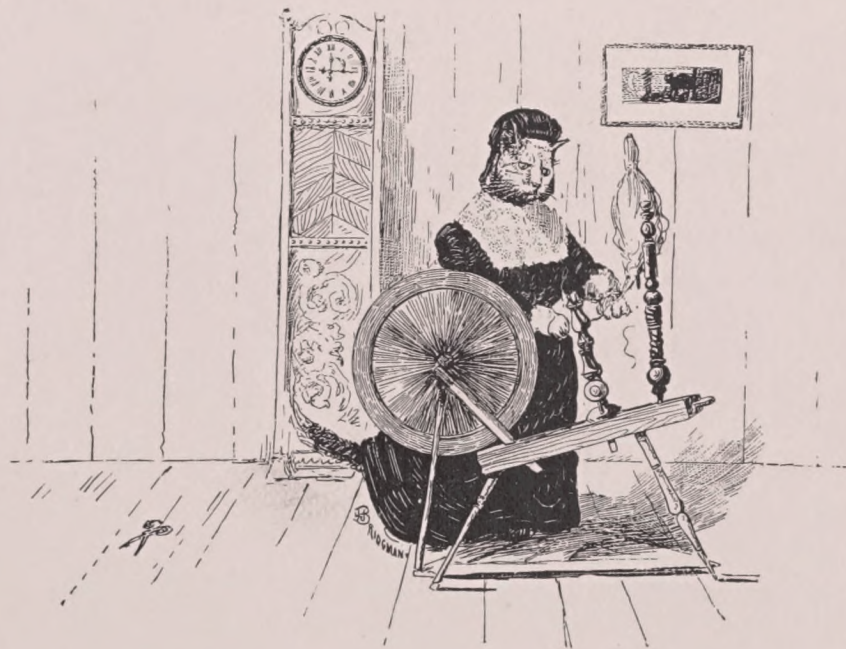
They laughed in derision the summons to hear,  
As the music and dancing were still ;  
Then higher and wilder their merriment rose,  
The feasting, the waltz, and quadrille;  
While vainly the messenger shouted, and rode  
Through the length and breadth of the town,  
Till at last he arrived at the quiet abode  
Where resided Dame Tabitha Brown.





Now, when her gay friends and relations were told  
Of the acts of the king and the queen,  
Base envy and jealousy wrought on them so  
That their eyes turned a permanent green.  
But she, in the midst of her grandeur maintained  
Her habitude simple and high,  
Still taking delight in the wheel and the loom,  
And in viewing the earth and the sky.









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